DOCUMENT RESUME

ED 294 771 SO 018 102

AUTHOR Hamke, Kerstin; Kievelitz, Uwe
TITLE Climbing the Intercultural Ladder: The Gradual Adaptation Process to a Village Culture in Indonesia. Occasional Papers in Intercultural Learning #9.
INSTITUTION AFS International/Intercultural Programs, Inc., New York, N.Y.
PUB DATE Feb 86
NOTE 30p.
AVAILABLE FROM AFS International/Intercultural Programs, Inc., 313 East 43rd Street, New York, NY 10017 ($1.50).
PUB TYPE Reports - Descriptive (141)

EDRS PRICE MF01/PC02 Plus Postage.
DESCRIPTORS *Asian Studies; *Cultural Differences; Cultural Exchange; *Cultural Interrelationships; *Culture Contact; Ethnic Groups; Exchange Programs; Foreign Countries; *Foreign Culture; *Intercultural Communication
IDENTIFIERS *Indonesia

ABSTRACT

Certain signs of culture shock apparently repeat themselves universally. Typical symptoms that indicate a reaction to new environments are: (1) feelings of constant exhaustion; (2) an increased necessity for sleep; (3) reduced activity and energy levels; and (4) headaches and diarrhea. These symptoms and other personal observations are chronicled by two West German researchers who travelled and studied in Indonesia. This document contains a narrative account that recalls and highlights the joys and pain of intercultural encounters. Specifically documented experiences include the Idhul Fitri, (the last day of Ramadan) and encounters along the Trans-Sumatra Highway. (JHP)

****
* Reproductions supplied by EDRS are the best that can be made *
* from the original document. *
****

STATEMENT OF PURPOSE OF AFS INTERNATIONAL

AFS volunteers and professional staff throughout the world are moving towards the goal of peace by stimulating an awareness of mankind's common humanity, a wider understanding of the diverse cultures of the world, and a concern for the global issues confronting society. They acknowledge that peace is a dynamic concept threatened by injustices both between and within nations.

In pursuit of this goal, the core of the AFS experience has been the promotion of relationships in which families, communities, groups and maturing young persons from different cultural backgrounds share new learning situations related to the purposes of AFS. In addition, through experience and experimentation, AFS has developed and continues to encourage new models and opportunities for exchange that will be beneficial for the development of society.

AFS does not affiliate with any religious, political or partisan group, but it believes in the value of participating in a continuous process of interaction between cultures both across and within boundaries.

AFS encourages all participants to involve themselves in situations in which they can apply and project their AFS experience.

INTRODUCTION

As the title of this series suggests, the **Occasional Papers in Intercultural Learning** seek to publish works that give our readers a better understanding of intercultural learning. In an earlier number, **Occasional Paper #6**, "Two First-Person Accounts of Intercultural Experiences," we introduced a new literary style to the series: the personal narrative. It is our belief that a narrative account of an individual's experience in another culture is a valuable way to explore cultural differences and intercultural learning. The favorable response that this earlier number received encouraged us to continue to present this sort of narrative.

Our first authors from Germany, Kerstin Hämke and Uwe Kievelitz offer in this issue an account of their recent experience as foreign researchers on an Indonesian agricultural development project. Kerstin and Uwe first became interested in Indonesia in 1982 when Uwe's anthropolgy studies took him to the Netherlands to study a minority group of Indonesians there. Later, when both Kerstin and Uwe wanted to learn a non-European language, Bahasa Indonesia was the logical choice because of their interest in the region and the relatively simple grammatical structure of the language. This served to increase their interest in Indonesia, and they began to look for an opportunity to go for an extended stay in that country.

Both authors spent a year in the U.S.A. as participants on AFS programs, and are presently active volunteers in AFS. Their interests in AFS have been focused especially on North-South dialogue within the organization. At one time, Uwe was the National Chairperson of AFS Interkulturelle Begegnungen. He was a consultant for the German Agency of Technical Cooperation and received a doctoral research scholarship for six months to do an empirical case-study of an agricultural project in Indonesia. Kerstin, a student of economics, took a semester off to join Uwe in this project. Their account, which includes Uwe's poetry and Kerstin's art, focuses on their own reactions to their intercultural experience. "Climbing the Intercultural Ladder" is an appropriate metaphor for the effort needed for such an experience. As this account shows, the learning does not come easily.

'wayang puppet', used in the famous Javanese shadow-play

To the
international community
of friends
in Indonesia
who taught us once again
how precious
and comforting
the dialogue across cultures
can be.

CLIMBING UP THE INTERCULTURAL LADDER:

The Gradual Adaptation Process to a Village Culture in Indonesia

Kerstin Hämke
Uwe Kievelitz

Abai Siat, Indonesia
August 1985

Recall

Our ears are filled with the splashing sound of the falling water that hits the tin roof above our heads and the arching plants in the back yard. As darkness settles along the rolling rubber fields around us, one of the frequent tropical thunderstorms fills the damp, hot air and releases some refreshingly cool winds along with the downpour of water. It is as good a night as any to think back over our first four months of staying in Indonesia and to recall the many experiences we have encountered while living just a few miles south of the Equator, slowly working our way through the cultural maze of a huge and diverse country and getting adjusted to life in a village community far removed from modern urban civilization.

Our experience began, really, with our preparations for our journey. As it was our first priority to receive an official research permit from the Indonesian Institute of Sciences (LIPI), we immediately sent in our application. Since we would need a thorough understanding of the Indonesian language, we arranged to begin our stay in the country with a one-month intensive language course. Finally, we wrote to our Indonesian friends whom we had met through our participation and volunteer work for AFS International/Intercultural Programs, a worldwide exchange organization.

While our friends assured us of their help during our first days in the country, the official procedures proved to be much more complicated. We knew that it could take up to six months to obtain the research permit we needed; however, we were stunned when after almost exactly six months the mailman brought back the unopened application. It had apparently reached Indonesia but not the LIPI office (in spite of the correct address) and safely traveled back by ship the same way as it had gone! By this time it was April, and the scholarship was to begin on the first of May. We experienced our first "bureaucracy shock" as we realized that we would not have enough time to straighten out all the administrative procedures. At last we were fortunate enough to receive help from the German development administration in

Jakarta, which provided Uwe with the necessary permit. After a last hectic week filled with writing lots of letters, packing all belongings for half a year abroad (not to mention Uwe's shoulder fracture one day before departure), we finally and still unbelievingly reclined in the comfortable seats of an airplane leaving for Southeast Asia.

Indonesia: "Unity in Diversity"

Sitting in one of the airplanes of "Garuda," Indonesia's national airline, we got in touch for the first time with our home for the months to come. Garuda -- which translates to "eagle" — is also part of the country's seal, whose inscription "Bhinneka Tunggal Ika" means "unity in diversity" and reflects the situation and problems resulting from the diverse ethnic, cultural, and religious backgrounds of the country's inhabitants. Reading about the archipelago, one is surprised about this seemingly never-ending variety. There is Bali, the main target of the tourists, where every native is an artist and nearly the whole population follows Hinduism. In Irian Jaya (West New Guinea), vast remote areas have not yet been touched by the "innovations of modern society." Java is well known for the politeness of its people, its extensive green wet-rice fields, and a native language split into three sets of vocabularly. The Batak of Sumatra are described as formerly "vicious head hunters" and recently the most faithful Christians. Then there are the Minangkabau in the Western part of Sumatra Island, where the water buffalo plays an important role in the local tradition and culture as reflected in the architecture, in the head-dress of the women at celebrations, and in numerous tales and stories. As the Indonesian people are divided into several hundred ethnic groups, each with its own distinct pattern of life, history, art, food, beliefs, and language, this description could continue endlessly.

The national philosophy, "Pançasila," and Bahasa Indonesia, the country's national language, function as links between the thousands of islands, the farmers and workers, the Muslims, Hindus, and Buddhists. Pançasila (five columns) is the basis of all political decisions and also plays an important role in Indonesia's educational system and daily life. Its five basic principles are:

1) belief in one god
2) humanity and internationalism
3) unity of Indonesia
4) sovereignty and democracy
5) social justice for all Indonesians

After Indonesia gained independence in 1945, it adopted the language of neighboring Malaysia because of the easy grammatical structure and pronounciation of that language and because the newly elected government of that time feared the disputes that surely would have arisen had one of the native languages been given priority.

Approaching Jakarta, after almost 18 hours of flying at 30,000 feet (and six hours time difference), we caught a first glimpse of Java, one of Indonesia's main islands. Here is the center of commerce, politics, and culture, as well as the home of some 90 million of the country's approximately 160 million inhabitants. From our "bird's eye view," the dark blue ocean beneath us seemed covered with a large number of little spots, often hidden under thick layers of green vegetation, illustrating why this country has been nick-named the "Land of 13,000 Islands."

Then suddenly a large mass of land came into sight, but although we tried, we could not see any of the beautiful rice fields we had heard so much about. The whole horizon was covered with streets, buildings, huts, small houses made of bamboo, wood, or stone, which grew bigger and bigger until a short bump and the voice of the pilot told us: "We have just landed at Jakarta."

JAKARTA

At dawn
under rising rays
of early sun's revealing light
you are
nothing but a still-life
built of shapeless tin-tiles
    hidden behind
the dirt heaps
of this new civilization
which yet
foresees its end and destiny
    hidden behind
nameless abbreviations on
administrative halls
palaces of bureaucracy
government centers
    hidden at last behind
thick layers of
stuffy hot
exhaust clouds
fed by
the ceaselessly humid
tropic air.

Learning by Talking, or Cultural Concepts in Question

Arriving in Jakarta at the new Cengkareng airport -- a wonderful piece of Javanese architecture -- we at once were greeted by damp, hot air that soaked our shirts in a matter of minutes. Moments later we were escorted by dozens of taxi drivers who offered us a ride into the heart of the city -- more than 20 kilometers away.

As we approached the city we passed tin-roofed huts huddling against one another, filled with people constantly swarming in and out. The streets became more and more infested with cars and motor-bikes. Strangely impersonal official buildings lined our way into a downtown area where we saw no stores nor shopping centers, but only an array of administration complexes interspersed with clusters of rusty tin-roofed sheds. Our taxi came to a stand-still in the endless line of cars while the "bajaj" (little orange "containers" slightly bigger than the three-wheel motorcycle hidden underneath them) passed us by; their passengers appeared to suffer as much from the heat and exhaust fumes as we did.

After we had settled in a little hotel and taken our first shower, we contacted our AFS acquaintances and arranged to meet them for a typical Javanese dinner in one of the many simple but very good Jakarta restaurants. Welcomed by their warmth, generous hospitality, and dedication to help us, we felt assured that, after only a few hours, we had found friends on whom we could rely fully during our stay in Indonesia.

This first meeting with people from such a rich and different cultural background proved to be our first lesson in intercultural dialogue. Among the many topics we addressed during the evening were the Indonesian bureaucracy, how to relate to household servants ("pembantus"), and, very importantly, how marriage and "partnership" are viewed in Indonesia.

In our diary, which became our first tool for understanding our rich and diverse cultural and daily life experiences as well as for recording our feelings, we wrote:

> For a while we talked about "pembantus" (servants): our friends' understanding seems to resemble a more traditional patron-client relationship. The pembantus almost become family members. The children call them "mbak" and "kak" ("brother" and "sister"). The pembantus receive less payment than they would if they worked somewhere else, but enjoy free meals and lodging, similar rights in the house, and a kind of "social security:" for example, financial aid to be able to go to a hospital for child-birth, or money for their children's school fees.

We were worried about the question of our own partnership and the norms and indigenous understanding concerning this issue. The two of us had become engaged some time before we came to Southeast Asia partly because we had thought this would give us a firmer ground for living together in an Islamic society like Indonesia. In our German Christian tradition, engagement means a wedding promise and consequently has a moral, religious, and legal status and value. However, in our first-day dialogue we found that this was not the case in Indonesia.

> The main theme of our discussions today: being married or not in Java. It was interesting to notice that our friends apparently had difficulties understanding our concept of engagement. They explained that being engaged in Indonesia is still not married. In other words, in Islamic thinking, the only acceptable form of partnership is marriage. Therefore, especially in rural Islamic regions of Indonesia it would not be advisable to be known as "ketunangan" ("engaged" — the word nevertheless exists in Bahasa Indonesia) with different family names. This would lead to situations of conflict for all parties involved. We should take this into consideration in our actions. Our Indonesian friends would not want to give us any specific recommendations; rather, we should decide for ourselves how to behave. In effect, however, this answer seemed to us to be a typical example of Javanese indirect approach because actually the suggestion seemed to be quite obvious.

Therefore, it became clear to us on our first day in Indonesia that our living together as an engaged (therefore, unmarried) couple in hotels, rented houses, or in private homes with families would be very distressful for most Indonesians with whom we would come into contact. We would be creating a difficult situation for them, for on the one hand they would be obliged by the custom of hospitality to open their house to us or to help us out, but on the other hand they would by this very action be breaking Islamic law. Several friends in Jakarta had stories to tell of unresolved problems that had arisen in some instances when unmarried European couples had appeared in Javanese homes or at celebrations.

We decided therefore that we would understand our Christian marriage promise as given at our engagement to be equivalent to an actual marriage, as we have always understood the seriousness of our partnership. For our time in Indonesia, we would interpret our engagement date as the date of our wedding, and present ourselves as a married couple.

With this decision in mind, we were ready to leave Jakarta in order to begin our language course at the Gadjah-Mada University in Yogyakarta, about 400 kilometers southeast of the capital. Before we could leave by train, however, we first had to encounter the complex net of the Indonesian administration, which takes daily routines that

are easily accomplished in Germany and turns them into time-consuming rituals in Indonesia.

> Naturally we have not taken into account that we still have to cope with bureaucratic procedures, even if only to buy a ticket for the train to Yogyakarta. So we first have to telephone and reserve a ticket for the Senja Utama train. Next, we have to get into one of those narrow, hot, and dirty old buses to ride 45 minutes through town. Then, being good kids, we buy the tickets and have to pay one fourth of the price for the reservation and administration charge alone. This accomplished, we can go all the way back again, sitting for almost an hour in the bus, glued to our seats and hit by the burning sun.

The formidable Indonesian bureaucracy would, in the months to come, have more surprises in store for us. For now, anyway, we were ready and eager to move over to the ancient cultural center of Jawa Tengah (Central Java) and begin our language studies.

Family Means Comfort: The Beginning Days in Yogyakarta

After nine long hours, without having been able to sleep at all throughout the night in the crowded train with the lights continuously turned on and the fans continuously turned off, we arrived very early in the morning at the train station of Yogyakarta.

Here, where the becak[1] drivers hold a strong monopoly and taxis do not exist at all, we started looking for a means of transportation to our friend's house. Assumed to be two wealthy tourists (an average Indonesian family would need about two and a half years' wages to pay for a plane ticket to Europe) headed for one of the luxury hotels, we were soon surrounded by a crowd of people shouting out exorbitant prices for a ride before we ever said a word about our destination. As fixed prices hardly exist, tourists -- or, generally speaking, foreigners -- always will have to pay more than the local people. This is not only because tourists have more money, but also because they do not know the local price structure and are not very firm in the game of "tawar-menawar," the Indonesian version of bargaining.

We were finally sitting down and rolling to the house of a Javanese AFS family that Uwe had met during his short visit here the year before. Although we arrived at six o'clock in the morning, they were already up and preparing themselves for their daily morning prayer. The parents, both medical doctors, worked at the university

---

[1] becak: a vehicle similar to a riksha with two seats, but instead of being pulled by a person running it is pushed by someone riding a bicycle.

as professors; their daughter and son were students at the same university. Despite this very academic background and a fairly modern attitude, it was surprising for us to notice the very traditional separation of family tasks and duties. The women of the family were responsible for preparing and serving the meals, doing the washing, and cleaning the house while the men seemed to do nothing besides their own academic work. This traditional understanding of the roles of men and women finds its parallel in the Koran, the holy book of the Islamic faith. Here the women have, from our view, clearly more limited possibilities than men, who are allowed to have up to four wives at the same time. Another example is found in the regulation that only men are allowed to lead the religious service and to speak the prayers.

While traditional roles were followed within in the family, and, for the most part, in their relations with us, the division of labor broke down as soon as we seemed to need help. Then everybody in the family would at once try to give us any support we might desire, be it finding a house for the duration of our stay in Yogyakarta, finding transportation around town, or dealing with the Indonesian administration. All extended invitations to us to join them in various activities around the house and in the city. Though we remained with this warm-hearted family only three days, we stopped over often afterwards for a chat, enjoying the comfort of a family who was as open and friendly to us as if we had been long time relatives.

One thing we learned to value during these days was the importance of personal relations. Everyone in Indonesia seems to know an infinite number of people; close contact is maintained with all relatives, friends, and neighbors. It is usual for a family to invite up to 1,000 people to a wedding, for example. Through these informal relationships, everyone seems to know everything that is happening in the area. At that time, we were desparately looking for a place to stay during the month while we took our language courses; we did not want to bother our friends for such a long time. But how could we find one in an unfamiliar city where houses and apartments to rent are not advertised in the newspaper as they are in Germany? Advertisement is generally by word of mouth, and people in Indonesia depend on a network of relatives and friends for such things rather than newspapers and public advertising. We were lucky, we found, to have made such good friends in Indonesia, as our friends knew someone who knew someone who had a place . . . and we quickly were able to find a tiny place that became our home during the weeks to come.

First Moves Within the New Neighborhood

> Grey walls are surrounding us and three small sweaty rooms are to be filled with the contents of our suitcases. At dawn, with a thunderstorm and lightning creating a strange atmosphere, we are sitting outside and pretending not to be bothered by the heat. Although we are happy to have found a home for the time being, fear

> creeps into our minds: fear about having left the closeness and security of a family and going out into this unknown neighborhood to shop for our essentials. We also fear being cut off from the city center without any local or public transport system. Finally, we are afraid because of our still very limited language abilities and the whole new culture surrounding us -- even though these are exactly the challenges we sought in living in a foreign country.

The next day, we made our first contacts in our neighborhood. When our stomachs began to growl, we started off to have a look at the "tokos" (little shops). Now we were alone, without anyone nearby to translate for us, and although we had to repeat our sentences several times, we managed to get exactly what we wanted. A curiousity in the Indonesian language that presented us with the most problems was the use of "classifiers." If a word is used in connection with a number, it has to be complimented by a classifier which changes according to the shape, form, or function of the original object described. This grammatical structure is used mainly for goods, and shopping without using it can cause misunderstanding. "Three eggs" is not, as one might expect using a dictionary, translated as "tiga telur," but becomes "tiga **butir** telur." The word "butir" refers to small goods of a round shape. Similarly, "ten cigarettes" is "sepuluh **batang** rokok" in Bahasa Indonesia, and "five women" becomes "lima **orang** perempuan" ("orang" meaning "person").

We were able to find answers to our questions about the transportation system as well. There was a public bus system in Yogya, which, by our standards, seemed to be very cheap. But the bus routes covered only the city center, and we would have to turn to the privately owned "kol." The word "kol" is derived from "Colt," the brand name of a Japanese car company. The car itself is very similar to a mini-bus, but adapted to Indonesian needs: The steering wheel is on the right side, as in Great Britain, and the inside is filled with many benches much smaller than the ones that "tall" Europeans and Americans use. Riding such a bus is an experience in itself; our directions to would-be passengers are as follows:

> Stand anywhere at the edge of the street (fixed bus stops do not exist), put on your I-am-looking-for-a-ride face, and wait. Usually it does not take long before one of the cars approaching will honk at you, flash its lights on and off, and the upper torso of a boy will appear out of some window, waving to you and shouting out the direction and destination of the kol. You just make a step forward, wave back or nod, and the car stops right next to you. Do not be shocked at the large crowd of people jammed into the kol's interior, as the next one is probably equally crowded. Then again, if you think you are lucky enough to enter a fairly empty bus, be prepared to wait somewhere along the road for quite a while because the driver might feel that there are too few passengers to continue the trip.

During almost every ride we were surprised at the connotation of the word "full" on the island of Java, where some 90 million people live in mostly crowded conditions. A European might suppose that some ten passengers could fit into the back of such a mini-bus, with maybe an additional person or two in front, next to the driver. We experienced a record of 24 people on one kol, not counting the "bus personnel," and the bags and boxes of the passengers. No wonder that in this way we really came into close contact with the local population. Their curiousity about foreigners seemed to be endless, and we quickly learned how to answer their standard questions concerning Germany, our current residence, our reasons for coming to Indonesia and how long we were staying here, our age, legal status, and number of children.

Painful Good-Bye to Western Values

Because in the eyes of Indonesians we were probably rather odd-looking creatures (with our white skin, blond hair, and unusual height), they were constantly interested in us, making us feel at times like attractions at a zoo. For this reason, our daily contact with the people, in spite of their politeness, was not always very easy for us.

> To be stared at constantly seems to become a natural part of our daily life. Another difficulty for us is the male-oriented Javanese society. Since we have been in Yogyakarta, Kerstin always gets to eat and drink whatever Uwe asked for. "Uwe, would you like a glass of hot tea?" our hosts may offer. And when Uwe accepts, Kerstin receives the same as well. It is similar with regard to all kinds of decisions: Uwe, and only he, will be asked questions and spoken to. This pattern is also true for the Indonesians we met through AFS, even though most of them had spent a year abroad.

The first few days and weeks seem to be the most difficult and crucial time in the course of a long-term stay in a foreign country -- at least if one is in close contact with the local population and does not try to create his own little world within the host country. Because we did not want to live in a "little Germany," we tried to experience personally the lifestyle of the Javanese people and to learn more about them by actually living among them in simple house like their own. (Of course, we also had chosen our accomodations for economic reasons.) But coming straight from a clean, modern, well-off country, we had to adapt to many new situations, which was not always very easy.

Since we arrived during the end of the rainy season, we not only had to get used to high temperatures that, here, a few miles from the Equator, seemed especially intense, but also to 90% humidity. We constantly felt tired and weak, and had difficulty concentrating on anything. Our stomachs and digestive systems almost immediately revolted against the new and differently spiced food and the water, even though

we had boiled all our drinking water. In addition, we both caught the flu and ran fevers, and had frequent headaches. These symptoms debilitated us, and made us highly irritable. In our weakened condition, we were especially bothered by the large number and variety of insects and pests, to which we were not at all accustomed. Ants found their way into any can or plastic bag containing food; giant cockroaches ran over, under, and between our beds; and one night a small shadow scared us when it turned out to be a scorpion. Garbage thrown into a pit next to our house attracted rats, and at sunset, we fought with armies of hungry mosquitoes.

Having lived in several different countries before this, we had expected to adapt easily to different climates, foods, and living conditions; but our experiences had all been in cities in the United States and Europe. We were prepared to adjust ourselves up to a certain point, but it was difficult for us to feel at home in our new surroundings during those first two weeks. Maybe we just could not get away from our Western thinking, values, and attitudes. In any case, these many, small, daily difficulties added up to the point at which they became intolerable:

> At the moment, we can hardly stand the situation. It had all started, nevertheless, with a beautiful day. We had left very early in the morning to visit Borobudur, the largest Buddhist temple in the world, very close to Yogya. Miles and miles of reliefs surround its magnificent stone structure, telling about the life of Buddha and the path towards enlightenment. The monument is some nine stories high with the last one forming a platform on which hundreds of little "stupas" filled with Buddha statues can be found, and a wonderful view of vast areas of palm trees and high mountain slopes can be enjoyed. But bad luck caught up with us when Kerstin sprained her ankle on her way down from the monument. Immediately it began to swell, is presently twice as thick as normal, and hurts very much. Her misery was compounded when, back home again, she encountered another giant cockroach, the unbearable heat in our room directly under the hot tin roof, and, last but not least, our unsuccessful cooking experiments (after Uwe had bought rotten bread) with our terrible kerosene stove. Now Kerstin gets mad at every little mosquito, guilty or not of biting her, and would rather be somewhere else: anywhere. Well, how can one comfort her? The few bad experiences seem to outweigh the many good ones, even if it ideally should be the other way around. Supporting each other does not always provide a solution. If (in spite of all our efforts and intentions, and the whole theory of intercultural learning) already after a few days there is nothing left but a mere listing of personal frustations, what about the excitement of the unknown and the new? Today we saw fields of rice, nibbled on a fresh pineapple, were taught to play "gamelan music" and started to get a feel-

> ing for the rhythm and melody of this monotonous music. We got to know some very nice Indonesians who invited us to dinner, and saw small villages with houses lined up along the street. Is all that not enough to make us happy? Why not? A strange feeling remains; an answer is not yet in sight.

Short Stop on the Way: "Culture Shock" and Coping With It

Looking at our diary with its comments and descriptions about those few days, and exchanging our feelings with other people who had had similar experiences in foreign countries, we concluded that certain signs of the well-known "culture shock" apparently repeat themselves universally. We had typical physical symptoms that showed a defensive reaction to our new environment: feelings of constant tiredness and exhaustion (making it difficult to work adequately), a much higher necessity for sleep (maybe only in order to escape into dreams), reduced activity- and energy-levels to explore the new surroundings, and, finally, headaches and diarrhea, hinting at the problems of coping with and "digesting" the new experiences. We also had noticeable psychic reactions to change: We were very touchy and overreactive to insects and dirt. We found ourselves often depressed, dreamy, and homesick, and had difficulty concentrating on anything. We were not objective in our evaluation of the positive versus the negative experiences in Indonesia, and we periodically asked ourselves: "What are we doing here, anyway?"

Knowing that sojourners are likely to experience at least some of these symptoms, how should one cope with or overcome them? In our case, talking seemed to be a very helpful method. We tried to analyze and describe to each other our feelings; we discussed them with other foreigners who were living in Indonesia for some time. Writing also proved to be a good exercise for expressing our thoughts and feelings about the country, its people, and our own place in this new society. We wrote articles about different topics and discovered that we made a good team. We also kept a diary very regularly, and stayed in contact with close friends and relatives.

Starting our language course filled our days with language labs, grammatical drills, and conversation classes. It forced us to a fixed routine, helped us get to know a number of interesting people, and finally gave us a reason to be in this country. As our language abilities improved in our very small classes, we were eager to communicate. We did not have to keep our conversations at the level of limited, standardized phrases.

> Looking back on the past days, we realize an increasing relaxation in our life. The weather seems to be much easier to stand. We are discovering new parts of our neighborhood. The fear of making mistakes in the language or in our behavior has vanished. We have relaxed. It seems to be very important to have a regular activ-

ity. Our late afternoon conversation class with "Pak" Mister Soepomo turns more and more into intercultural talks as we start to get away from the texts and can use better our newly acquired vocabulary.

REFLECTIONS

Indonesia -- a country on the move, but in what direction?

Copy shops at almost every corner, but very few writers in the whole nation.

Millions of state employees and a high value put on this profession by the other Indonesians, but the ones who work as "pegawai" are paid such a low salary that corruption can be -- has to be -- found everywhere.

Telecommunication and satellites, but prices for the installation of a telephone that can hardly be paid by any individual, and a cost of 5,000 Rupiah (approximately $5 in U.S.) for a three-minute call to Jakarta (on the same island) that amounts for some people to several days' wages.

Pançasila and the wish for "unity in diversity" as a national goal, but fear of communism and hatred of the Chinese (many of whom live and work in this country) in many an Indonesian's heart.

The natural wealth of the country, but the poverty of its population.

Indonesia is fascinating in its diversity, and makes one thoughtful about its contradictions.

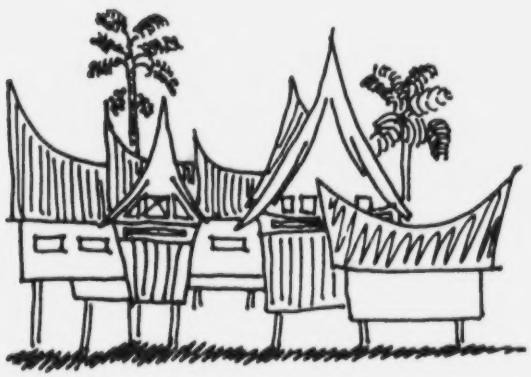
Fasting Under the Equator: Ramadan in Indonesia

With the start of Ramadan, the Islamic fasting month, another new and interesting experience began for us. In honor of the announcement of the Koran to Mohammad, Allah's prophet, Muslims all over the world fast, according to the cycle of the moon, for 28 days. During this time, breakfast has to be eaten before dawn, which in Indonesia means before 4:30. Afterwards, the people conduct a ritual washing to prepare themselves for the morning prayer, timed exactly at sunrise. During the day, the Muslim is forbidden to eat or drink; but exceptions are allowed for children, the elderly, and the sick. At dusk, after the fourth ritual prayer of the day, the time for fasting is over — at least until the following morning.

Being among the Islamic community during Ramadan, we wanted to participate in the fasting ourselves. We rose in the middle of the night for a breakfast of a couple of bananas, bread, and tea (we were

too tired for much more), and fasted during the day like most of the Muslims except that we drank two or three glasses of juice because of our recent illness and because we would become too thirsty in such a warm climate. Most Indonesians looked upon our conformity to the Islamic rules with surprise and laughter. Sympathy and respect for a culturally different behavior was not necessarily expected or valued very highly. Moreover, in Yogyakarta the regulations for fasting seemed to be interpreted less strictly, and part of the population did not follow them at all. Street vendors still pushed their food carts filled with noodle soup, fresh fruit, fried bananas, or colorful juices throughout the day, shouting loudly to attract customers. Even the majority of restaurants stayed open all day, something unheard of in the more orthodox cities of Indonesia.

After four weeks we had finished our language course and were preparing to return to Jakarta. Leaving Yogyakarta was actually quite difficult; one really does get used to a new environment rather quickly, as strange as that might have seemed in the beginning. What helps to build up an understanding and trust are exactly those routines that one lacks at first: the familiar restaurants and streets, the regular language lessons, the friendly neighbors waving to us when we passed, the familiar faces. We even had become used to the house; though not really comfortable, it at least gave us shelter and a home. It took some effort to leave all of this behind in exchange for another, even more unknown experience in a tiny village, far removed from any cities.



traditional Minangkabau house
with rice-storages

HOUSE OF THE BUFFALO

Leaning against the river banks
in view of
rustily brown spotty waters,
you present yourself
you proud aged
crooked but fine-lined
motherly house.

Highly erect upon old poles
the thinly woven side walls
offer to winds more
invitation than
reflection
because only
your front-line
shows itself off
in wooden costume
to our sight.

So you stand there
house of the buffalo
with widely swinging
roofs
in the sign of the horn
telling me
about the changes of all times:

where formerly
thick bundles of palm-leaves
softly slipped off raindrops
and also offered sneak-holes
through which
- why not -
a thread of water fought its way
inside,
a tin roof's rusting now
in tiny waves
though also swung.

But soon
there will be days
when buffalos bend horns
when even well-tinned roofs
will be no more
than reddish brown
melody
full of melancholy -

another one
will
tell your story then.

Along the Trans-Sumatra Highway

The transfer from the courtly culture of Central Java to the matrilineal society of Minangkabau and from urban surroundings to a rural environment was as swift and complete as could be. In a matter of one hour we had flown from Jakarta to Padang and were now driving from the capital of West Sumatra directly into the foot hills of the Barisan mountains which surround the heartland of Minangkabau with a row of active volcanoes in a primary tropical rain forest.

Sumatra is, unlike Java, still a rather sparsely populated island and thus has managed to preserve much of its natural beauty. With yearly temperatures of between 28 and 32 degrees centigrade and rainfall up to 4000 mm -- more than five times as much as the average annual rainfall in Germany -- it is the prototype of a tropical country. The towering ridges of the Western mountain range are covered by thick forests with impressive tree giants and an incredible variety of plants, and topped off by the grand volcano cones and beautiful lakes. To the east are rolling highlands with a still dense vegetation, and large rivers winding through the thickets. As the soil becomes poorer in this area, rubber trees begin to appear in large numbers amidst the forest growth. In this region are found not only elephants and hords of monkeys, but also the feared Sumatran tigers. As man advances into this area through slash and burn agriculture, the timber industy, and large resettlement schemes, this diversity of wildlife slowly but steadily disappears. During our drive into the island we also saw rice paddies in which small groups of women worked; and after a while some of the famous Minangkabau houses with their traditional, characteristic roofs in the shape of buffalo horns came into sight.

Here in this province -- as in only very few other spots in our modern world -- it is the women who usually own and inherit the major portion of the land as well as the house. The men, in contrast, generally receive only the property that they purchase themselves, and thus do not always have the economic power. They do, however, have the say in political matters in the local village society. This paradoxical situation is, to a large extent, due to the conflux of two traditions: the Islamic tradition, and the so-called Adat Law, or pre-Islamic tradition.

Partly because of this unique situation, the "Minangs" are often said to be the complete opposite of the Javanese, which certainly to some extent is true. While the Javanese culture has been formed by a centralized, hierarchical, royal government, which in turn led to the idealization of polite, patriarchal, and introverted behavior, the Minangkabau culture has gone in just the opposite direction. Though in former times it also was a kingdom by name, the individual villages always enjoyed a high level of autonomy, and the local political structure mainly consisted of elders. In contrast to the religiously syncretistic Javanese, the Minangkabau have for centuries been orthodox adherents to Islam, despite their matrilineal Adat law.

As we headed west into the "rubber country" in the Southwest corner of West Sumatra, we became eager to experience this second major Indonesian society. We prepared to learn about the way of life of presently almost 90% of the population of Indonesia: the life of the farmers far away from modern urban centers.

Foreigners in the Village: A Hundred Years of Contact

In this spirit we entered the administrative region of Sawahlunto/Sijunjung and our final destination, the little town of Abai Siat, situated some 10 km away from the major road that crosses Sumatra. We were at the edge of the forest, at the edge of nowhere. The village of Abai Siat actually consists of four sub-villages or "jorongs" that are crowded together, each with little more than 1,000 inhabitants. Each jorong has its own mosque, its bathing place at the river, its meeting hall ("balai desa"), and its mayor's office. Together they share one big market square which every Thursday hosts the "pasar" or local market.

Settlement in this fringe area of the Minangkabau heartland dates back unknown generations. During the last century the region was still largely cut off from the outer world, but the beginning of the 1900s saw steadily more foreigners coming, from the first Dutch colonists who were interested in coffee and rubber in the 1920s to the Japanese with their army during the war years, who took over the schools and began teaching the local children in Japanese. Then came the "hari merdeka," on August 17th, 1945, with the foundation of a unified nation, and twenty years of national rule under Soekarno and Hatta; followed by President Soeharto who took over the government after a bloody extermination of all real or alleged communist influence in the country in 1965.

More recently the area has seen intensive German-Indonesian co-operation in regional development projects. As the Indonesian government emphasized the role of agriculture with special emphasis on tree crops for export, German technical aid programs attempted to support these efforts, particularly rubber production. Abai Siat was found to have the suitable prerequisites for such an aid project, since it had a long history of rubber production coupled with a poor population very willing to cooperate with the project.

In little more than ten years, a rubber project replaced more than 10,000 hectares of old, scattered rubber forests with new, high-yield varieties of trees. The project built up the first rubber processing factory in Abai Siat, organized co-operative farm units, and slowly turned the region into one of the province's major growth centers.

Certainly the development project can be said already to have left its mark on the region. However, our interest was to find out how the whole scheme had affected the economy of the individual farmer and his or her family, way of life, cultural behavior, and attitudes.

This meant that we would have to move a step or two closer to the peasant household, and share to some degree in their daily life. We needed to take a close look at the village organization and history, to meet the people and discuss with them their points of view, their hopes, and their fears. It meant a close intercultural dialogue, or a second major step in our ladder of learning about Indonesia. Thus, we began our life in Abai Siat with the same assortment of anxiety and excitement, fear and happiness, with which we had started off one month before in Jakarta.

Preparations for Idhul Fitri

After having settled in the house of the German advisor to the project at the edge of the village, we introduced ourselves to the local staff. We then discussed our research plan with the staff and afterwards eagerly prepared our final version of the survey questionnaire in order to advance "into the field" to meet with the farmers and their households.

But Ramadan had not ended yet. It was approaching its height with "Idhul Fitri," the last day of the month of fasting. This celebration would take place the following week. For the project, this meant one week of vacation to allow all staff members to return to their home villages to be with their families for the occasion. For the people in the local villages, it meant several days of feasting after all the fasting . . . and thus certainly a very reduced interest in being interviewed. So for us it summed up to a few more days of waiting, evaluating written material, drawing up maps from aerial photographs of the project, and preparing further questionnaires. It also meant learning that field work requires flexible schedules and much patience.

We were very eager to be involved somehow in the celebrations in our village, but did not know how or whom to approach with this wish. However, a few days before the big event we got to know a very friendly project staff member who, after a brief chat, invited us to come to his village a few kilometers away to watch the official religious ceremony and to celebrate at the houses of his wife and friends.

We delightedly accepted this kind offer and asked what kind of "hadiah" (gift) or "oleh-oleh" (small gift of sweets) we should bring along, as is the custom in Java. But we received no more than a good-natured laugh: during Idhul Fitri this was perfectly unnecessary, as it was the host's duty to provide for sweets and all other imaginable food for "buka puasa" -- the breaking of the fast.

VISIT

You mother behind darkened glasses
hidden under the softly coloured veil
which proves your faith
you wink and speak out invitations
to come into your humble
wooden dust-colored home.

Here among
memories kept warm
we sit down
comfortably on
your friendly floor.

The bowl, handed to us,
more symbol that mere nourishment
we gladly accept it
thankful of
your smile
which gifts this old house
in this unnamed village
with such a warmth
as we just always
seek.

The Joy and Pain of Intercultural Encounters

We got up early that day, being expected at our friend's home in Ampang Kuranji at half-past seven. In our best outfits -- batik shirt and embroidered dress — we hopped on a motorcycle and drove along the unpaved dirt road into the village, where dozens of inhabitants stared at us. Koestanten, our new friend, was waiting for us in front of his mother's old wooden house right on the main street. Together we drove the cycles to a large soccer field, now being slowly turned into a holy place. The whole village seemed to be waiting on the green, and since more than half of the Indonesian population is made up of children, we were at once enclosed by a firm ring of dark bodies, black hair, and staring eyes. A little further away, youngsters were constantly lighting fire-crackers and throwing them, as we felt, right at us. The next hour was to become one of our worst experiences in Indonesia -- and one of the longest hours as well. As we were standing at the edge of the field filled with praying adults, the ring of staring people around us became tighter and tighter, but our more and more desperate smiles and few Indonesian sentences were not returned. The crowd of people gradually turned into a silent, staring mass, extinguishing all human feelings, and expressing only an insurmountable barrier, an unbridgeable distance. This all apparently had nothing to do with us disturbing the ceremony, as we just watched from a distance and had been especially invited. It seemed that this silent, threat-

ening crowd gathered only because we were white, tall, and strange. We were feeling like caged animals in the zoo. Segregation: That is what it was like. We hated the situation. We hated our feelings of hate, and our inability to concentrate on the religious atmosphere of the moment. We were hopelessly overwhelmed by our feelings of anger and fear, hemmed in by this crowd of close to a hundred staring, silent people. "Sabar, sabar" ("Be patient"), we thought, but it did not help. This was not a shock as much as it was a feeling of cultural and personal desperation.

We were utterly glad to see the end of the ritual and thus to be able to leave the nameless crowd of people behind. Koestanten, our friend, smilingly led us away to his -- or, to be correct, his wife's -- simple house, a little off the main road. We were happily greeted by his wife and sister, who both promptly disappeared into the rooms in the back while the husband invited us to sit down at the already prepared dinner table. All kinds of foods and drinks were offered, and we tried a little bit of each since we had invitations to eat at other people's homes as well. After a good hour filled with these culinary fireworks, we rode our motorcycle to the house of another staff member from the project, who was also an "ulama" (Islamic priest) at the local mosque. We were invited to sit down on a woven mat in the living room among several family members, relatives, and children as well as a young "haji" (Mecca pilgrim) and his family. After a few minutes of exchanging pleasantries we were offered rich and diverse food in typical "Minang style": white rice, baked chicken, "rendang" (a dish of buffalo meat cooked in coconut milk), vegetables, boiled eggs in a curry sauce, krupuks (crackers fried in oil), and plenty of "cabe," the terribly hot chillies which are compulsory with every meal. The host and guests all watched us with excitement and laughter as we sat down on the floor and started to eat in the typical Minangkabau manner, with our right hand. They all laughed a lot about our "long noses" and Uwe's "white" hair, which always caused children to call him "ban" ("grandfather").

We answered the haji's questions about Germany and spoke of our impressions of Indonesia. It was a relaxing dinner and the first time for us to find people in Sumatra with an honest, deep curiousity about Germany. They asked about the prices for various items in our home country. What were our fathers' professions? How much forest is there in Germany? What do the people eat? Are there really atheists and communists in Germany? How would we practice our Christian religion while in Indonesia? How many times per week do we pray? These were the sorts of questions we had longed to hear for months now: questions that showed genuine curiousity and interest in us and in our backgrounds. We began to discuss our different lifestyles, and a basic dialogue across cultures emerged. Naturally the limit of this intercultural understanding is reached after a while, and learning is restricted by our still limited knowledge of the language and a desire to avoid controversy. We felt that if such a talk were to be held in German, English, or French, we would be able to express our points of view and get our messages across. But our vocabulary in Bahasa Indonesia was still way too small, making it frustrating not to be able

really to clarify an opinion. But for another part we also had to admit that there were some basic cultural concepts ingrained in us and in them (for example, religion) that were of such a different nature that it would be hard to find a common point from which to start arguing.

For us, of course, such differences did not undermine the key possibility of intercultural learning regarding key concepts, norms, and values. But, we figured, whenever foreigners come in contact, an exchange of worldviews can only carry as far as both parties' ability in a common language. It also depends in part on the educational level of the parties, and is closely related to the amount of common interest in a specific topic. But, however intense the dialogue between different cultures, the conclusions drawn from such talks can sometimes be delightfully sharp, witty, and funny. Our Indonesian haji summed up our lengthy intercultural discussion with the comment: "One should earn money in Germany and spend it in Indonesia."

Our Household Interviews: Welcome Changes in Daily Routine?

After the end of Ramadan it was time for us finally to get started with our household survey, and we soon began our rounds of the villages. We had deliberately chosen three geographically different places, with differing lengths and intensity of involvement in the rubber project. We interviewed families who did not yet own a new rubber smallholding as well as those who did. In this way we hoped to learn more about the relative impact of the project on the households of project farmers compared to the rest of the local society.

We had most of our interviews in the afternoon or evening; most people work in their "kebun" ("forest") during the early morning, since rubber sap rises between dawn and noon and can be easily obtained then. Although some Minangs in the project region practice shifting cultivation, hardly any are involved in handicrafts or home industry, and even trading, which is generally a highly valued profession in among the Minang, is not found frequently in the project area. By far the major part of the population is dependent on rubber production, even though this makes the home economy very vulnerable due to fluctuations in the rubber prices on the world market.

Before beginning our interviews in the villages, we had to get the formal approval of the mayors and acquire the lists of the households. We chose our interview families by random selection, and located them by driving up to the village store and making inquiries. It always seemed as if everybody knew at any time everything about the whereabouts of everybody else; after a short time, they knew our comings and goings as well.

We then went to the respective houses of our sample families, briefly explained our intentions, and usually were invited to enter the house, where we were met with differing levels of formality. Typically we interviewed the men while the women listened more or less

attentively, giving their comments off and on. Several times, when the men were not home, the women asked us to come back another time. Thus we learned that a matrilineal society can well be quite male-oriented with regard to official matters, and we could finally say from experience that many a European scholar's notion about the "Matriarchy of Minangkabau" is no more than a comforting myth.

Very often, by the time we began with our questions a crowd of between 20 and 40 people had gathered, peeping in at all available windows, or straying leisurely into the house and getting themselves comfortable. Our efforts at using Bahasa Indonesia as well as the few phrases of the local Minangkabau dialect we had learned were usually greeted with cheers and laughs. In fact we only had to use one or two words in the local language in order to receive the standard comment, "Oh, they are clever at using Bahasa Minangkabau!"

Our questions focused mainly on family relations, household composition, educuation, work, land ownership, consumption patterns, and views of their future; most farmers were not frightened of being questioned but seemed to answer honestly and exhaustively. Once in a while someone would be under the impression that we were either government or project officials, and then seemed to give incorrect replies or, in a couple of cases, stopped talking to us altogether. In those moments, we felt like foreign intruders who were trying to sneak in and catch a glimpse of the people's private life and business. Moreover, it seemed that the degree of openness to us and to our survey varied among the different villages according to their level of seclusion from outside influences. In the tiny village of Bonjol, five kilometers away from Abai Siat but a whole world apart, we were always greeted with suspicion and distrust -- so we felt, at least.

In the first days of interviewing we still had our fears and fluttering stomachs before entering a house and starting a conversation, but we soon learned how to adjust. After a week our questions became routine to us, and we had become quite accustomed to the amount of attention we received. We usually relaxed enough to be able to joke with the local people about some of the more ambiguous or funny questions. The favorite ones in time turned out to be: "How many children do you think are best for one family?" "Does the male household head have more than one wife?" "How would you use your money if you would earn twice as much as today?"

The Internal Complexity of Life in the Village

Our survey, though designed to be mostly quantitative, gave us a deep personal insight into the daily life, aspirations, and beliefs of this rural community on the edge of the primary rain forest. For example, we found out in our questions that not only is the birthrate still extremely high -- almost six babies are born to each mother -- but also the infant mortality rate is terribly high -- a striking 20 to 35 percent. We learned that children are understood as being a family's wealth and goal in life. To have many children is to be

blessed. Furthermore, children are seen as a support and a source of security in old age. For the parents in our survey, the ideal number of children ranged from two to nine, with an average of four or five. We were surprised to find that the number of children the parents saw as ideal corresponded exactly to the number of children surviving. Mothers seem to conceive more children than they actually desire because they know that many of them will die before growing up.

The high infant mortality rate reflects the generally poor health standards in the area. First of all, there are only two governmental health stations in the region; one of them is only open on market days and equipped with a health worker rather than a medical doctor. Secondly, the traditional healer or "dukun" still plays a major role in health practices in the region, especially in those villages that have no health station. While it cannot be denied that this indigenous authority with his knowledge of plants and herbs can cure a number of diseases, it is obvious, nevertheless, that in remote villages there exists a higher infant mortality rate as well as more serious diseases such as blindness or goiter. Health care is directly related to the educational as well as the income standard of the people. Farmers with more schooling and higher incomes tend to frequent the govenmental health system more often than their poorer, less educated counterparts; a higher income is required in part because transportation to governmental health care centers can be costly.

Similar factors seemed to be related to birthrates. While most girls become married between the ages of 14 and 18 (through the arrangements of the parents) this trend seems to be changing slowly as more and more people become aware of the value of education for their daughters and are willing to enable their children to go to junior or even senior high school.[2] Also, villagers have begun to acknowledge that a "better future" for their children involves higher costs and greater investments. Some parents have begun to decide in favor of fewer children with enhanced chances in life. For some years, birth control has been known and is available in villages; birth control devices are available free of charge from the government, and are distributed through the health stations and in small shops. However, acceptance of birth control among such a deeply religious people still seems to spread slowly.

We learned much about the complexity of problems, their interrelations, and the effects of social changes in one area on the behavior and attitudes in other areas. Our understanding increased with our endless questioning, observation, and participation in social activities such as marriages, village council meetings ("musyawarah") or traditional Adat ceremonies. But for each answer obtained there arose at least two new questions and areas of activity we wanted to explore.

---

[2]It is worth mentioning here that school fees are required for all education beyond the elementary level, and that these fees can constitute a large percentage of the parents' cash income.

The Steps of Learning on the Intercultural Ladder: One Look Behind, One Look Ahead

Looking at the ladder of understanding that leads to Indonesia and its people, it seems to us that we have climbed a number of steps since our first arrival in the damp, hot air of Jakarta. The stairway from the national capital to the center of Javanese tradition and modern life in urban Yogyakarta and then finally to the remote rural surroundings on one of the country's outer islands seems logical and rightly taken from our present perspective. The ascent, though at times difficult, challenging, and painful, seems to have opened up new views and enhanced understanding of this world on the other side of the globe.

And yet, when we look upwards at the steps ahead of us, we see that we have only traveled the shorter way, and that many levels of insight lie yet ahead of us, practically invisible from our present viewpoint. At times we still find ourselves totally puzzled about the behavior of the people, having to admit that we can neither understand nor accept their actions. Then we fall back on our own beliefs and value system, measuring the other culture with our own sticks. At other times, we feel that our empathy with people whose way of life is so difficult, as is that of a farmer in a tiny Sumatran village, cannot **really** come close to their own experience. Then we feel again like an arrogant foreigner who says how well he understands the situation of the poor peasant whom he interviews, then quickly gets into his comfortable car and drives off again.

We leave nothing of permanence here. Our tales about Germany may soon be forgotten, and our photographs (for which we were asked so fervently) may soon be lost. We hope, however, that with our findings we can at least contribute a little to the creation of a better development project designed to alleviate the present problems. And we hope that with our accounts and descriptions of life in Indonesia we will spark more interest in this fascinating and diverse country about which Westerners generally are much too ignorant.

THUNDERSTORM

A bolt of
Lightning
beats its flash
beyond the rubber trees
while I
am listening
to inner thunder
now.

Just
like the bolt of lightning
I want to grasp this earth
but can no more than
glow
for
time too short to count.

Just
like this thunder, too
I want to spread
my voice
but can no more than
whisper
fall silent in a while.

Wang storage information:
Document number: 0437D
Disc number: 0011D

OCCASIONAL PAPERS IN INTERCULTURAL LEARNING

is a publication of

AFS International/Intercultural Programs, Inc.
313 East 43rd Street
New York, NY 10017, USA

Editor: Dr. Neal Grove

Associate Editor: Dr. Bettina Hansel

AFS International publishes the **Occasional Papers in Intercultural Learning** as a public service, and for this reason the articles contained in the **Papers** are not copyrighted unless a specific notice to the contrary is provided. Articles printed herein without copyright notice may be quoted or reprinted without permission; however, proper attribution should be given and the Editors of the **Papers** informed.

Potential contributors should communicate with the Editors prior to submitting articles to be considered for publication in the **Papers.**

Beginning with Number 10, which appeared early in 1986, the **Papers** were put on a subscription basis for those wishing to receive them at addresses within the United States. (No subscription or back-issue fee is charged to anyone receiving the **Papers** at an address outside of the United States.) The subscription system operates as follows:

- Subscriptions are for five issues, which are published over a period of approximately two years. These subscription cycles are projected to cover 1986-1987, 1988-1989, 1990-1991, and so forth. Note that subscription fees will be received only during the early months of the first year within each two-year cycle.

- In order to minimize bookkeeping, no subscription fee will be charged to those who begin receiving the **Papers** within any two-year cycle; these new recipients will be asked to subscribe at the beginning of the next regularly occurring subscription cycle.

- Back issues of the **Papers,** from Number 1 (June 1982) through the most recently published issue, will be sold to requesters at addresses within the United States at $1.50 per copy. Checks or money orders should be made payable to "AFS International"; no purchase orders, please. Note that a specific back issue may not be available at any given time.

ISSN 8756-9078